

The Mirror

OF

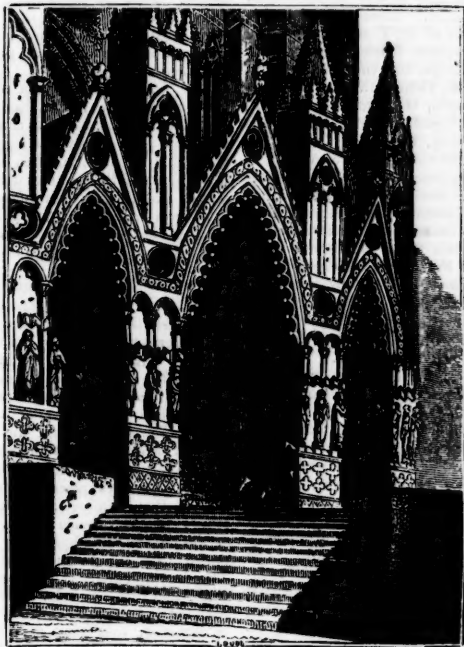
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 680.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.

AMIENS CATHEDRAL.



THE GREAT PORTAL.

AMIENS is a well-built, ancient town in the north of France. It contains fourteen churches, two hospitals, and a magnificent cathedral, perhaps the finest Gothic structure in France, and remembered by most persons who have journeyed to Paris by the Amiens-road.

This noble building happily escaped destruction during the Revolution, by being designated a temple for the goddess of reason. This was indeed fortunate, since the exterior of the building is covered with rich Gothic ornaments and carving, with a great number of figures of a colossal size; all which are commonly attractive objects for the fury of levellers.

The plan of Amiens cathedral was designed
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by a celebrated architect named Robert Lusarches; the first stone was laid A.D. 1220, by Bishop Evrard, in the reign of Philip Augustus. The church was finished in the year 1288, but the Great Portal, represented in the Engraving, was not completed till the end of the thirteenth century. On August 15, 1504, at the Assumption of the Virgin, the edifice was dedicated to our Lady, *La Sainte Vierge*.

The Great Portal is composed of three doorways, constructed beneath deep, vaulted arches, richly dight with sculpture. The centre door is called that of our Saviour; the entrance to the right, that of the Mother of God; and to the left, the gate of St. Tirmin, the Martyr. Above the first, our
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Saviour is represented in the attitude of bestowing the benediction, surrounded by the twelve apostles, and trampling upon Sin, in the figures of a lion and serpent, under his feet. The Virgin appears above the second entrance, also trampling upon a serpent; several subjects are likewise sculptured from the Bible, representing the creation of the world, our first parents, and various histories from the New Testament. Above the third gate is seen the statue of St. Tirmin. Upon the front elevation appear fourteen colossal statues of holy bishops, and the figures of St. Dominica and St. Denis; this last saint, as well as St. Tirmin, is represented carrying his head in his hands. On the whole, this portal is, probably, the finest in Europe. The façade of the cathedral is composed of three exterior galleries, which extend along the front of the building: between the two first are placed, within niches, separated by columns richly ornamented, twenty-two colossal statues, said to be the figures of as many kings of France, Charlemagne being distinguished amongst them by bearing a globe. Upon the point of the arch, intermediate of the great portal, appears St. Michael, armed with a sword and buckler, destroying the angel of darkness.

The interior of the cathedral presents a magnificently imposing combination. At the entrance are the two brazen tombs of the bishops Evrard and Godfrey, the founders of the church. The height from the pavement to the roof is 130 feet, being 28 feet loftier than Westminster Abbey: the length of the nave is 213 feet, or 57 feet longer than at Westminster. The windows are large and numerous, with several circular, or, as they are called, wheel windows, all filled with brilliantly painted glass. The choir is divided from the side aisles, by richly carved and deeply perforated screens, containing subjects from the life of John the Baptist. The figures represented are nearly the size of life, and entirely relieved from each other: the whole of these subjects are painted and gilt. Altogether, the *coup d'œil* is strikingly superb, and the ceremony of high mass when performed here, far exceeds in magnificence the mass of Notre Dame, at Paris.

Our acknowledgments for these details and the original of the Cut, are due to Mrs. Charles Stothard's interesting Tour in France; the engravings in which are after drawings by the late Mr. Charles Stothard, F. S. A.

Manners and Customs.

THE CIRCASSIANS.

(Concluded from page 119.)

PHYSICIANS are not wanting in the country; there are both Turks and Circassians: the first, ignorant as they are everywhere, combine the grossest superstition with unskil-

fulness: they have no other remedies than verses of the Koran to apply to the diseased. The Circassians pursue a more reasonable plan: they use herbs, butter, wax, honey, and bleeding. They employ the latter, especially, for affections of the head: they make an incision with a cutting-iron in the painful part, and stop the bleeding with nettles or cotton. They are particularly successful in curing wounds, for which they only use vegetable substances; but the ceremonial which accompanies the treatment of the wounded is somewhat curious.

The patient is laid in a separate room: they place at the foot of his bed a ploughshare, a hammer, and a cup of water, in which he places a new-laid egg. The people who come to visit him, when entering, strike three blows of the hammer upon the ploughshare; and dipping their fingers in the water, they sprinkle him with it, at the same time praying that God will speedily restore him to health: they then range themselves round the chamber.

He who accidentally seats himself in the place of the physician pays him a forfeit; and these little presents are the principal emoluments of the son of Esculapius. It is usual to pass the whole night in the apartment of the invalid: the relations and friends take their supper with them, which, among other things, often consists of a sheep or a goat. Towards evening, the young people of both sexes repair to this assembly, with a flute, and an instrument much resembling a lute. The boys place themselves on one side of the chamber, and the girls on the other: they commence with a warlike song, of which the accompanying words are in praise of valour: the girls then dance around. The instrumentalists then play for some time; and they conclude, before supper, with the recital of some fable.—As soon as supper is removed, they play at different trifling games; and the last is that of fastening a packthread to the ceiling, and tying to the end of it a kind of flat cake or biscuit, which the young people throw to one another, and try to catch with their teeth; so that frequently the game does not end without some of them being broken. Thus the first night is spent, without any one venturing to go to sleep, for which he would be reproached. The sick person does not appear to be at all incommoded by the noise.

But if sports and smiles surround the brave to soothe his wounds, his death is honoured by all which the most affecting sorrow can exhibit. The tears and cries of the women who are in the house announce his decease, and the tidings are soon spread in the vicinity. The friends and neighbours of the mother or wife of the warrior who has just terminated his career go to mingle their sighs with those of the desolated family. The intention

of these visits is not to bring consolation, but to weep together; and they mingle tears with the praises of the deceased.

The corpse is next washed; the hair is shaved off; it is entirely clothed anew, and is laid upon a mat on the ground. Upon another mat, by its side, there is a new cushion, on which all the clothes are piled. His arms are displayed, in the form of a trophy, at the entrance to the yard, to indicate a house of mourning: it is on passing this boundary that the visitors begin to make their lamentations heard. The men, however, are not so noisy in the expression of their grief: they come with reddened eyes, but covered with one hand; and with the other they violently strike the breast. They throw themselves on their knees, upon the mat which is by the side of the corpse; and they remain in this posture, sighing and beating themselves, till they are relieved, by being told, "It is enough:" they are then furnished with water to wash their hands and face, and they proceed to pay their compliments of condolence to the inmates of the house. Custom requires that the dead should be interred within twenty-four hours from the time of decease. Whilst they are performing expiatory sacrifices in the house, of which the meats serve for the entertainment which forms part of the ceremony, several young people go to prepare the grave; when all is ready, the funeral cavalcade moves towards the burial-ground. The elders are at its head, reciting prayers; and the bier follows immediately after, surrounded by the relations, friends, and neighbours of the deceased. The women close the procession, with a handkerchief, of which they hold an end in each hand, and swing it from side to side, exhibiting all the signs of the deepest woe. The wife, mother, and the nearest relations, tear their hair, scratch their faces, and perform other acts of despair, of which they for a long time retain the marks.

After the interment, they place upon the grave part of the meat of the victims, as well as *pasta* and *bouza*, which is left for passengers, who, when availing themselves of it, bestow a thousand blessings on the departed. Those persons who accompanied the procession return to the relations of the deceased, where a repast awaits them; and the ceremony is terminated by firing at a mark, for which the prizes are the skins of the victims. The memory of the deceased is preserved in a tale which contains his biography; and which descends to posterity, if his exploits are worthy of it. These romances are the only fragments which the Circassians retain of their history.

It is, however, in the following year, at the anniversary fête, that the relations of the dead display all the pomp which is in their power: for this ceremony they prepare several

pieces of net-work of nuts, to represent coats of mail and helmets, which the relations and friends put on. The number of victims immolated on this occasion sometimes amounts to fifty; and besides this, great quantity of meat prepared for the festival, each family adds some dish to it.

On the day of the anniversary, which is announced some weeks beforehand, they assemble upon the consecrated ground, which occupies a vast space, sprinkled with tombstones. The clothes and arms of the deceased are placed upon the grave, as well as several pieces of new stuff of different colours; and if the relations are rich, they add to these a coat of mail, horses, and slaves. The whole is surrounded by the materials for the feast, and destined to those who carry off the prizes of the course.

The fête is opened by a triple discharge of all the fire-arms belonging to those whose deaths are celebrated, and the women sing their praises. Next, four or six of the nearest relations march round each tomb three times, leading their horses, newly caparisoned: they draw a little blood from their ears, which they offer as a libation to the dead, saying these words: "It is for thee." Each of them then takes a piece of cloth, which they display like a flag, throw themselves on their horses, and ride away at full speed. All the other horsemen hold themselves in readiness to pursue them, in order to capture the pieces of cloth; but the latter consider it a point of honour not to allow them to be taken, but to preserve them, to present, in their turns, to the women who attend.

A new trial is afterwards performed for each individual, either on horseback or on foot; and the skins of the victims are always the prizes, for shooting either with fire-arms or with bows and arrows.

The day passes between these games and feasting: each passenger may freely take his share; and a part is sent to those friends who have not been able to attend the fête.

The Circassians, on their marriage, pay a dowry to the parents of the girl: it consists of cattle, arms, horses, slaves, and other things, according to the condition of the parties. If they are of the first rank, a coat of mail, worth usually from 2,000 to 3,000 piastres, always forms part of the price.

When two persons wish to unite, the young man causes the girl to be demanded of her parents: if they agree, his father goes to settle the dowry; of which half is always paid at the time of the marriage, and the other half at a time agreed upon. These preliminaries being first settled by the parents, the lover meets his fair one by night: he waits for her with some young people, and they carry her off: they usually conduct her to the wife of a mutual friend of the two families.

The parents of the girl go, next morning, to seek her of those of the intended husband; affecting an enraged manner, and requiring the reason of her being carried away. The latter reply, that their son, wishing to be married, has complied with the custom of the country, and therefore they demand the consent of the former to the union. The father of the person claimed then demands the dowry; and that of the young man offers him the half directly, and the rest at a certain term already arranged between themselves: but custom requires that they should not agree upon anything in public, but refer their dispute to arbitrators, who, as may readily be supposed, decide in the manner previously settled by the parties.

The day following they celebrate the nuptials. All the relations and friends assemble, and divide themselves in two parties; of which one proceeds to the neighbour where the bride is remaining, and the other accompanies the intended husband to claim her. The first party waits for these in good order, to prevent them carrying her away; and they are all armed with sticks. A sham fight ensues; during which the fair one appears at the door, between two others, who cry "Victory," as the bridegroom carries her off. All the company then follow the conqueror home in triumph; where they find awaiting them good cheer, music, and dancing.

The Circassians are not destitute of capacity for the mechanic arts, if they were but less disinclined to work. This may be observed in many of their productions, in which that good taste is apparent which indicates talent. But this talent is wasted by indolence, and the want of instructors for its development: it is, however, manifest in the objects of their luxury. The mounting of their arms, the temper of their steel, and their work in gold, equal every expectation. They have, in particular, a method of staining silver, which is inimitable. Ornaments of this metal, with which they enrich their arms, are finished in the best style; and generally, in every thing connected with their equipments, they do not yield to good European workmen.

Their dress resembles that of the ancient French knights; but they have in front, and on each side of the coat, a fluted pocket, containing from ten to twelve wooden cases, which serve them as cartridge-boxes. These are again covered with green or red morocco-leather, and, by throwing out the chest, gives a manly elegance to the figure. They are all horsemen; and their arms consist of a curved sabre without the guard, a dagger, a pistol, and an Albanian musket, or a bow. When they enter a house, they hang their arms against the wall, keeping only the dagger. They charge their pieces with ball; and they fire with the musket supported at the end,

on two rods of about four feet in length, which they fix in the ground, in a slanting position. The Turks furnish them with cannon and fire-arms; but many of them are found in the country inscribed with the name of Lazzaro Lazzarini, formerly an armourer of Venice.

Nearly all the princes have a coat of mail, with steel armlets, which secure the hands and arms from the elbow downwards, and which they use as shields to turn off sabre cuts. Their head is covered with a steel helmet, attached to the coat of mail; and the whole forms a hood, which allows nothing to be seen but that part of the face between the eyebrows and the mouth. They procure these arms from the Persians; but since their frontier has been separated by the conquests of Russia, it is very difficult to get them, and the price is considerably augmented. They look upon coats of mail as the principal articles of riches in a family. It is natural for a warlike people to think highly of the beauty of their weapons; and thus they constitute the ambition and the luxury of the Circassians.

As to the other parts of the costume, they do not think so much of it, although they are not strangers to the custom of sacrificing at the shrine of fashion. They frequently vary the ornaments, and the cut of their clothes, as well as the shape of their caps; in which they follow, as elsewhere, the taste of some of the most elegant of the young people. But they always preserve long sleeves, because, after the example of the ancient Persians, it is proper to stand with the arms hanging down, and the hands covered, in the presence of those who command respect.

Except in the articles of clothing, of which we have spoken, the Circassians do not exhibit any industry, but in very rude forms. Agriculture is with them absolutely in its infancy, and they derive but very little benefit from rural economy. It is within a very short time that a few windmills have been erected, but the use of them is by no means general: the greater part still reduce their grain to flour in mortars; nor have they any idea of using leaven for baking bread.—*Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society.*

The Naturalist.

THE CAT

ORIGINALLY came from Persia, and was unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers; whence the term puss, probably a corruption of Pers. Soon after her introduction into these islands, she was considered of such value, that by the laws of Howel Dha, who-soever killed the king's cat, for his fine and atonement was to hold her up by the tip of the tail, so that her nose touched the ground,

and heap up wheat till the body, to the tail's tip, was covered.

The cat is a fixed and settled domestic animal, attached to the premises, and unwilling to remove; while the dog follows the master: and such is the natural antipathy and discordance between these two animals, that, of persons living in no very social harmony, it is said, they lead the life of cat and dog. She has a more voluminous and expressive vocabulary than any other known brute: the short twitter of complacency and affection to her kittens; the purr of tranquillity and pleasure, when seated on the knee of her master; the spit of defiance; the mew of distress; the growl of anger; and the horrible wailings of pain or fighting, which give name to the noisy and discordant instrument of disapprobation, the catcall.

She is the emblem of the moon, from the great changeableness of the pupil of the eye, which in the daytime is a mere narrow line, dilatable in the dark to a luminous globe; and she can, for this reason, like most animals of prey, see best by night.

It was formerly the trick of the countrymen to substitute a cat for a sucking pig, and bring it to market in a bag: so that he who, without careful examination, made a hasty bargain, was said to buy a pig in a poke, and might get a cat in a bag; and a discovery of this cheat gave origin to the expression of letting the cat out of the bag, as a premature and unlucky disclosure.

The fur of the cat was formerly used in the ornamental trimming of coats and cloaks: and in allusion to the unfitness of her flesh for food, it is said of anything confined to one purpose only, What can you have of a cat but her skin? The catgut used by ladies, and for rackets, and also the finer strings for violins, are made from the dried intestines of the cat; and a smaller kind of fiddle is called a kit: the larger strings are from the intestines of sheep and lambs. Her claws are retractile, and can be protruded with great violence in anger. Her scratch is supposed to be venomous, because a lacerated wound is more apt to fester than a definite cut with a sharp instrument. The tenacity of her hold gave origin to many metaphorical expressions and appellations; as the cat, or tackle, for drawing up the anchor of a ship; and a cat-o'-nine tails, or scourge, so called from the scratches it leaves on the skin like the clawings of a cat. A domestic implement for holding a plate before the fire, with six spokes or radii, three of which rest on the ground in whatever position it is placed, is called a cat, from the belief that, however a cat may be thrown, she always falls on her legs. From her great powers of resistance, she is said to have nine lives. "Tis a pity you had not ten lives, a cat's and your own," says Ben

Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*. The well-known tale of the monkey seizing hold of the paw of the cat, to get the roasted chestnuts from the hot embers, gave origin to the proverb, "to make a cat's paw of one," or to make another subservient to one's own purposes.*

The cat is very subject to vomitings: and every one too much addicted to excess of wine knows what is meant by shooting a cat. She has been supposed to be particularly fond of fish, giving rise to the poetical simile,—

"What female heart can gold despise?

What cat's averse to fish?"

GRAY, *Ode on the death of a favourite Cat*.

But this is not a probable fact: for if a plate of fish, and a plate of meat, either raw or dressed, be placed before her, she will generally prefer the meat. And it would be a propensity not very natural, as she abhors water, and can in a great measure live without it; and is extremely cautious of wetting her feet. It is equally erroneous that she is subject to fleas: the small insect which infests the half-grown kitten being a totally different animal, exceedingly swift in running, but not salient, or leaping, like the flea. She is, however, especially the black kind, highly charged with electricity, visible in the dark, when irritated.

Her attitudes and motions are all of great elegance, in consequence of her being furnished with collar bones; she can, therefore, convey food to her mouth by the paw;† like the monkey, can climb and clasp, strike sideways, toss her prey upwards, and seat herself on an eminence of very confined and narrow surface, as the arm of an elbow chair, or her

* This expression is of greater antiquity than many suppose; for we find the story of the cat and the monkey thus related, as an original anecdote, in the *Voyage round the World*, by Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri, in 1695. The Doctor, treating of the kingdom of Canara, in Hindostan, after reciting three anecdotes of monkeys, not distinguished for their delicacy, proceeds as follows:—"D. Antony Machado de Brito, admiral of the Portuguese fleet in India, told me, that one of these creatures continually troubling him, and breaking all it found in the kitchen, he once, to be even with it, ordered a cocoa nut to be put upon the fire, which sort of fruit the monkeys are most greedy of, and hid himself to see how that beast would take it without burning his paws. The cunning creature, coming at the usual hour, and finding its beloved food on the fire, looked about, and seeing a cat by the chimney, held her head in his mouth, and made use of her paws to take off the cocoa-nut, and, then cooling it in water, ate it; the Portuguese laughing to see the cat mewing about all day with the pain it had been put to." (*Gem. Hindostan*, b. ii. chap. l.) An ancient Latin author, in allusion to this, says:—"Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis."—*W. T.*

† A cat once kept by my father would jump upon one of his shoulders, pass behind his head, and along the arm on the other side, extended, with the milk jug dangling between the finger and thumb, into which pass, standing upon the hand, would dip his paw, get it suffused with milk, and then lick it for his pains.—*J. D.*

favourite position, the knee of her master. She is fond of looking out of a window, and gazing with complacency on the passers by; whence the child's puzzle of, what is most like a cat looking out of a window? but a cat looking in.

The favourite and most usual transformation of witches was into a cat; and as all old or deformed women, particularly single or solitary ones, were suspected for witches, old maids are still called cats or tabbies.—*Magazine of Natural History.*

Select Biography.

EARLY ADVENTURES OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

PATRIOTISM holds few more celebrated names in her proud roll than that of the Scottish warrior, Wallace—a man whom the extraordinary circumstances of the times called forth from comparative obscurity to direct the councils, and virtually to fill the throne, of his country. At the period to which we allude, Edward I. had so extended his conquests in Scotland, as to march unresistedly as far north as Aberdeen and Elgin; and John Baliol, whom Edward had nominated King of Scotland, was literally stripped of his royal robes, and confessing his feudal transgression in rebelling against his lord paramount, he made a formal surrender of his kingdom to the victor; who, after appointing a guardian, treasurer, and justiciary of the captured kingdom, and placing English governors and garrisons in the Scottish castles—returned to England. Nor was this all: for Edward not only destroyed all evidence of Scotland ever having been free, but he carried to London the crown and sceptre surrendered by Baliol, and even the sacred stone on which the Scottish monarchs were placed when they received the royal inauguration. The latter relic is preserved to this day in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

As soon, however, as Edward had crossed the frontiers on his victorious return, the Scots broke out into a number of petty insurrections, unconnected, indeed, but sufficiently numerous to indicate a disposition for hostilities, which wanted but a leader to render it general. They found one in Sir William Wallace.

This champion of his country was born about the middle of the reign of Alexander III. Though of Anglo-Norman descent, he was not so distinguished by birth and fortune as to enjoy high rank or great honour. He was the second son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, three miles west of Paisley; and his mother appears to have been a sister of Reginald de Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Winton, his most ancient and authentic biographer, says

He was come of gentlemen,
In simple state he was then;
His father was a manly knight,
His mother was a lady bright;
He was gotten and born in marriage;
And his eldest brother the heritage
Had and joyed all his days.

Wallace was, however, born in a rank which insured him a martial education; and the condition of his father entitled him, if not to claim an equality, yet certainly to associate with the proudest of the land. "Popular Scottish tradition," says a fascinating historian, "which delights to dwell upon the beloved champion of the people, describes William Wallace as of dignified stature, unequalled strength and dexterity, and so brave, that only on one occasion, and then under the influence of a supernatural power, is he allowed by tradition to have experienced the sensation of fear."^{*}

A sense of private injuries as well as of public wrongs appear to have stimulated Wallace to vengeance upon the English. His father, upon the first publication of the orders for all to come in and take their oaths of allegiance to Edward I., had fled from Elderslie into the mountainous district of the Lennox, accompanied by his eldest son; and it is said, (though upon questionable authority,) that he was, not long afterwards, slain in an encounter with the English at Kyle, in Ayrshire. His mother, meanwhile, had taken refuge with her father's relations; and Wallace, now advancing into manhood, found himself driven from his paternal home, an object of suspicion to the government, and shunned by cautious and timid friends who regarded Scotland as lost.

"Over all this," says one of Wallace's biographers, "his mind, pent up in a silent restraint, which, for a season, he was compelled to observe, brooded and rankled in secret; but, an event now took place, which settled his destiny, and drove him into open rebellion. It appears that he had formed an attachment to a beautiful woman who resided in the town of Lanark, and that, in passing through the streets of that burgh, well armed, and somewhat richly dressed, he was recognised by a troop of English soldiers, who surrounded and insulted him. Wallace, at first, would have prudently got clear of their insolence, but a contemptuous stroke which one of them made against his sword, provoked him to draw, and the culprit was laid dead at his feet. A tumult now arose, when, almost overpowered by numbers, he escaped with difficulty into the house of his mistress, and through it by a back passage, into the neighbouring woods. For this ready aid, the unfortunate girl was seized next day by William de Heselpe, the English sheriff, and with inhuman cruelty, condemned and executed. But Wallace's revenge, when he

* Sir Walter Scott. Hist. Scotland, vol. i. 71

heard of her unmerited fate, was as rapid as it was stern. That very night he collected thirty faithful and powerful partisans, who, entering the town when all were in their beds, reached the sheriff's lodging in silence. It was a room or loft, constructed, like most of the buildings of those times, of wood, and communicating with the street by a high stair. Up this Wallace rushed at midnight, and, beating down the door, presented himself in full armour, and with his naked weapon, before the affrighted officer, who asked him whence he came, or who he was? 'I am William Wallace,' he replied, 'whose life you sought yesterday; and now thou shalt answer me for my poor maiden's death.' With these words, he seized his naked victim by the throat, and passing his sword through his body, cast the bleeding wretch down the stair into the street, where he was immediately slain. He then collected his soldiers, and, as the stir and tumult arose, drew off through the streets into the woods which surrounded the town.* There he lay concealed for some time, and tradition points out one of his hiding-places, which is still called Wallace's Cave, and is a small slit in the western face of the chasm of Cartlane Crag, near Cora Linn waterfall on the romantic Clyde. (*See the Cut.*)

Proscription and outlawry followed this audacious murder; and, from this period we must date Wallace's systematic and determined resistance to England. "It was from this time," says an ancient historian, "that all who were of bitter mind, and who had become weary of the servitude which was imposed by the domination of the English, flocked to this brave man like bees to their swarm, and he became their leader."

Long after this adventure at Lanark, Wallace and his men lived by plunder, retreating, when pursued, to the woods and fastnesses, from which they again issued to attack the convoys and foraging parties of the English. All the soldiers who fell into their hands were instantly put to death; the arms and harness which they wore, and the stores of flour, wine, and other provisions which they were accompanying to the different castles and garrisons being immediately appropriated to the use of the band, and divided by Wallace with a liberality which left little or nothing for himself. On other occasions, when they were either unsuccessful in their attacks, or too small in numbers to venture against the enemy, the chase afforded them a livelihood; whilst the skins and furs of the animals which they slew, supplied them with clothing against the inclemency of a cold and damp country, and with warm bedding and carpeting for the

caves and rocky retreats where they concealed their plunder and had their only home.

To gain some knowledge of the strength and resources of the English, Wallace would often assume various disguises, and mingle with their soldiers, and visit the towns in which their garrisons were stationed. In districts where he was little known, he ventured in his common dress, with a short dagger or knife at his girdle, and a staff or hunting-pole in his hand; or, he would openly join in the chase, attended by a few followers, in the usual style of a smaller baron or Scottish gentleman. This rashness led him into many encounters, which have been exaggerated by his romantic biographers. Still, his animosity against the English could scarcely be restrained, and his great personal strength made him exceedingly confident; though, to slay a buckler-player at Ayr, to attack and put to flight a party of soldiers who attempted to rob him of his day's sport, as he fished on Irvine water; to braid an angry steward of Henry Percy; or repay the rudeness of the Squire Longcastle, by a mortal thrust in the throat with his dagger; were exactly such incidents as might be expected from the situation in which Wallace was then placed. Much as he trusted in his great personal strength, he usually, it seems, took the precaution to wear a light coat of mail under his common clothes.—He wore a habergeon under his gown or mantle; his bonnet, which to common sight, was nothing more than a cap of cloth or velvet, had a steel basnet concealed under it; a collar, or neckpiece, of the same metal, fitted him so closely, that it was hid completely by his doublet; and below his gloves, which, to those who stood by, seemed merely leather or cloth, he took care to have strong gauntlets of plate.† Thus, his enemies instead of finding Wallace a quiet traveller, clad "in the summer weeds of peace," had to contend with an assailant in full armour, and of extraordinary personal strength. In all these encounters, his extreme bravery, his hair-breadth escapes, and knightly prowess, commanded the admiration of the people. Hence he trained his followers to imitate these shining qualities; and, in after-times he led them on to battle and victory.

To tell the perils of this patriot's career would occupy more space than we can devote even to such interesting details: how Wallace made himself master of the country beyond the Forth, and took several castles, deserted as he was by the apostate nobility; how he defeated the English at Stirling, then led his forces across the English border, and sweeping it lengthwise from Newcastle to the gates of Carlisle, left nothing behind him but blood and ashes; how he was

* Wynton, ii. 95. Fordun, ii. 170.—Quoted by Mr. P. F. Tytler, in his entertaining *Lives of Scottish Worthies*.

† Jamieson's "Wallace."



(Wallace's Cave.)

chosen guardian of Scotland in the Forest church in Selkirkshire; how Edward, alarmed at Wallace's success, hastened to suppress the Scottish revolt with the most superb army that had ever entered Scotland; how Wallace first laid waste the intermediate country between Stirling and the frontiers, and then withdrew to the centre of the kingdom, to receive the English attack, when their army should be exhausted by privation; how Wallace was defeated at Falkirk, notwithstanding his phalanxes of spearmen, with lances like a castle walled with steel;* how Wallace then disgusted with faction and envy, in addition to his defeat, resigned the guardianship of the kingdom; how the English king renewed hostilities, and the Scottish leaders submitting, a price of 300 marks was set upon the head of Wallace; and how Stirling Castle long held out with a handful of brave men, and was the last fortress which resisted the arms of Edward in Scotland. But what Edward prized more than the surrender of this last fortress, was the captivity of Scotland's last patriot. Mean-

* Some minute particulars are recorded by an ancient English historian, whose information regarding the Scottish war was evidently derived from eyewitnesses. "Each soldier slept upon the ground, and used none other pillow than his shield; each horseman had his horse bridled and armed beside him; and the horses themselves tasted nothing but cold iron, champing their steel bits for want of better fodder." In the midst of this army lay the King himself, sharing no better couch than the meanest soldier, and sleeping on the ground in full armour, whilst his single attendant, a page, held his war-horse. As the King slept, the horse put his heavy foot upon his royal master, and wounded him seriously; yet, at day-break, the King mounted his steed, and marched with the army.

while, treachery was at work, and Wallace was betrayed by an apostate Scottish nobleman, Sir John Monteath, who went searching in the wilds where Wallace had been driven for refuge, and seized the patriot at Robroyston, near Glasgow, by the treachery of a servant. Scott tells the sequel:—

"Sir William Wallace was instantly transferred to London, where he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, with as much apparatus of infamy as the ingenuity of his enemies could devise. He was crowned with a garland of oak, to intimate that he had been king of outlaws. The arraignment charged him with high treason, in respect that he had stormed and taken towns and castles, and shed much blood. "Traitor," said Wallace, "was I never." The rest of the charges he confessed, and proceeded to justify them. He was condemned, and executed by decapitation. His head was placed on a pinnacle on London bridge, and his quarters were distributed over the kingdom."

"Thus," A.D. 1305, adds the historian, "died this courageous patriot, leaving a remembrance which will be immortal in the hearts of his countrymen."† Tradition has hallowed many a spot, and endeared it with his name. Abbey Craig, near Stirling, the scene of Wallace's signal defeat of the English, is proudly pointed out by the Scottish guides; and, at Elderslie, the paternal seat of Wallace, is the memorial represented on the opposite page. "The castle," says Chambers, "appears to be of later erection than the hero; but the tree, whose branches concealed him on one momentous occasion from the En-

† History of Scotland, i. 79.



(Wallace's Tree.)

glish, yet survives near the wayside, at a short distance from the house." The accompanying vignette shows this interesting tree, as it stood in the year 1792. Through how many ages of rapine war has this venerable lordling of the forest stood firm; and how it seems to mock the vanity of human life!

The Public Journals.

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON.

THE English flatter themselves by a pretence that Shakspeare and Milton are popular in England. It is good taste, indeed, to wish to have it believed that those poets are popular. Their names are so; but if it be said that the works of Shakspeare and Milton are popular—that is, liked and studied—among the wide circle whom it is now the fashion to talk of as enlightened, we are obliged to express our doubts whether a grosser delusion was ever promulgated. Not a play of Shakspeare's can be ventured on the London stage without mutilation—and without the most revolting balderdash foisted into the rents made by managers in his divine dramas; nay, it is only some three or four of his pieces that can be borne at all by our all-intelligent public, unless the burthen be lightened by dancing, singing, or processioning. This for the stage. But is it otherwise with "the reading public?" We believe it is worse; we think, verily, that the apprentice or his master who sets out Othello or Richard at the theatres, does get a sort of glimpse, a touch, an atmosphere of intellectual grandeur; but he could not keep himself awake during the perusal of that which he admires—or fancies he admires—in scenic representation. As to understanding Shakspeare

—as to entering into all Shakspeare's thoughts and feelings—as to seeing the idea of Hamlet, or Lear, or Othello, as Shakspeare saw it—this we believe falls, and can only fall, to the lot of the really cultivated few, and of those who may have so much of the temperament of genius in themselves, as to comprehend and sympathize with the criticism of men of genius. Shakspeare is now popular by name, because, in the first place, great men, more on a level with the rest of mankind, have said that he is admirable, and also because, in the absolute universality of his genius, he has presented points to all. Every man, woman, and child, may pick at least one flower from his garden, the name and scent of which are familiar. To all which must of course be added, the effect of theatrical representation, be that representation what it may. There are tens of thousands of persons in this country whose only acquaintance with Shakspeare, such as it is, is through the stage.

Waller, upon the coming out of the "Paradise Lost," wrote to the Duke of Buckingham, amongst other pretty things, as follows:—"Milton, the old blind schoolmaster, has lately written a poem on the Fall of Man—*remarkable for nothing but its extreme length!*" Our divine poet asked a fit audience, although it should be but few. His prayer was heard; a fit audience for the "Paradise Lost" has ever been, and at this moment must be, a small one, and we cannot affect to believe that it is destined to be much increased by what is called the march of intellect.—*Quarterly Review.*

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

Snell.—The actors of a bygone day had a characteristic humour; the public then

thought more of their sayings, cared less for their doings; men would rather record, in my time, the bright things or the merry stories that Suett uttered, than delight in expatiating on his love of the lasses or the bottle. It was impossible to remain for any length of time angry with him; he had about him an "unconsciousness of offending" that disarmed you. It is not generally known, that Dickey, in a comic part, nearly damned Pizarro the first night—but so it was; the part was ill-written, and its introduction ill-timed; and most furiously did the public hiss it. Sheridan was distracted, and Dicky, with the utmost gravity, said, "This comes of putting me into a German drama. You know, Sir, I know nothing of German."

Tate Wilkinson, when York was the nursery where genius learned to soar, was always most anxious to secure a comedian who could give a faithful picture of rustic manners. Suett, Fawcett, Emery, Mathews, and Knight, were successively the low comedians of the York circuit; and, different as their styles were, all justly esteemed as admirable in the personations of Clowns. When Emery first came to London, his extreme simplicity and frankness of manner, and his fine, full dialect were glorious weapons in Suett's hands, who hoaxed the York laddie to the great delight of his brethren, and "several persons of distinction." Unfortunately, many of Suett's stories are unprintable, and much that he told was a vast invention hung upon a slender thread of fact. One instance, however, I remember from the pure simplicity of Emery's reply: some one had interested Emery very much respecting the dissipations of a gentleman, well known to each, whose father, a Yorkshire landholder, was averse to his son's dramatic notions; Emery followed the thread of the narrative, entering into the grief of the mother and the sister, till the narrator came to—"At last, sir, the father said, 'Robert, your conduct will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'" "That wean't do, Mr. —;" said John, "dean't I know that ould chap's been *bald* these ten years?"

Forty years since, "ere the schoolmaster was abroad," some of the Bonifaces had strange notions of grammatical accuracy—this was glorious work for Dicky, who had (not unjustly) the reputation of being a learned clerk; he wrote an *affiche* for an inn-keeper at Folkstone in these words;—

"To Travellers.—Return chaises stop here going and coming."

Poor Suett had no wit, but an infinitude of humour. Davis's strange simile on Dr. Johnson's laughter has been often recorded; but I am not aware that a phrase containing almost as odd a metaphor has ever been printed—poor Parsons said that Suett walked like a *camel-leopard*.

Miss O'Neill—like Mrs. Siddons,—was cradled to the craft while a poor child amid "the finest pisantry in the world." In the town of Drogheda and villages thereabout, her father had a small sharing scheme, as it is termed, fitting up barns for the purposes of theatres, and dividing the receipts amid the performers, he having no capital to incur the risk of offering salaries. Amid all this, and despite of all this, he did, as many others have done, support his family in honest and virtuous indigence; and they repaid their father's care by working their way to comfort, and one of them to fame and fortune. Talbot, (the Irish Elliston,) was the manager that first noticed the talents of the child, who was then enacting the Duke of York in "Richard the Third;" at an early age, she was the heroine of his (Talbot's) company in the Irish provinces. Gamble, in his "Views of Manners and Society in the North of Ireland," says:—

"Miss O'Neill, if she is not a native, passed her early life in this town (Dundalk). Her father was the manager of a little party which played in a brewhouse or barn there, and a hundred times the inhabitants have seen her, when a little girl, running about bare-footed and bare-legged. As she grew up, she became the heroine of this humble theatre, and played with great applause in tragedy, comedy, and farce. That a young woman, brought up as Miss O'Neill had been, should be a little intoxicated by a change, sudden as the wildest shifting of the scene on which she moves, is not to be wondered at; but to her praise be it told, she remembers her evil days, and those who befriended her in them. A shopkeeper, to whom she and her father were indebted for various acts of kindness, lately fell into idigence; she sent for him to London, and having supported him some time in her own house, gave him money again to commence business."

When Cherry was in Ireland, he heard of Miss O'Neill, and applied to her to join him at Clonmell, but she was otherwise engaged, or obtained better terms at Belfast; had she accepted the offer, she would have played the heroines to Kean, who was then Cherry's tragedian. However, it so happened that Kean not only never saw, but never heard of Miss O'Neill, until she was announced to appear in London. Talbot,* who took great merit to himself for the instructions he had

* Talbot was an admirable young Mirabel and the like; he was so learned in the art of the toilet, that he not only painted with a camel's hair brush his moustache and whiskers upon his lip and cheek, but also painted in sepia and Indian ink curls on his forehead; and this so admirably that the deception could not be detected even in the orchestra. He came out in Young Norval, in London, upwards of forty years ago, and died in Dublin a short time since.

bestowed on the young actress, was then waxing old, and yet persisted in playing all the young lovers in comedies; taught Miss O. all the traditional business of the old stock-plays, (much of which she wisely eschewed on coming to London.) He had always the highest opinion of her genius and talent, and fought her battles manfully with those who contended that Miss Walstein was her superior. Mathews spoke of her to the Covent-Garden proprietors, she being then in treaty with the committee of Drury-lane; and to Mathews the former theatre was indebted for the immense profits her engagement secured. She was engaged at Covent-garden for three years, at 15, 16, and 18*l.* per week—terms which, for untried talent, appear high; but Mrs. Glover, (then Miss Betterton,) had higher in the year 1797.

It is customary to say that those who have produced immense effect in London have generally been unnoticed in the provinces, and to talk of the wearisome years passed in privation and poverty; but what are the facts? John Kemble came to London aged 26; Charles at 18; and Stephen at about 23; Mrs. Siddons first at 21; and when she made her great hit, she was only 28; Kean was not seven-and-twenty when he appeared as Shylock; Miss O'Neill was under three-and-twenty when she appeared as Juliet at Covent-garden Theatre. Nor had Miss O'Neill's life been one of sorrow or of penury to any extent; her childhood, indeed, knew no luxury, nor her girlhood idle ease; but at the age of seventeen she was known as an actress of promise, and as a beautiful and amiable girl. A considerable time before she appeared in London, Shiel dedicated his tragedy of "Adelaide" to her; and in his preface has addressed this "unknown" actress, as dramatic biographers delighted to call her, in terms of eulogy that in the olden times a parasitical poet might have offered to a princess, viz., after saying "Adelaide" was written for her, he adds—

"I endeavoured to combine beauty, innocence, and feeling, as I knew that your representation of such a character would not be an effort of art, but the spontaneous effusion of nature."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

BOKHARA, IN CENTRAL ASIA.

(From Lieutenant Burnes's recent *Travels into that interesting country.*)

Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and conform to the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheepskin caps, with the fur inside; and our "kumturbunds," (girdles,) were thrown aside for a

ruddle piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings; since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Mahommedan might ride within the walls of the city, and had an inward feeling which told us to be satisfied if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices, to continue our abode in the capital.

* * * * *

My usual resort in the evening was the registar of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the registar, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmans, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks, (Cossacks,) from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the "Great King" with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Mawur-ool nuhr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognised as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of Kokan are less changed; and the natives of Orgunje, the ancient Kharasm, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called "tilpak," about a foot high. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mohammedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguish him from the Mahommedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognised by his demure look,

and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4,000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Mahomedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban, and a "chogha," or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called "udrus," made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are, for the most part, Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three-fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men: a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on

the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the "holy Bokhara."

My readers may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area, the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers, in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums, to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel; for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways: with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the venders of this hot beverage, one may purchase "rahut i jan," or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty, and entreats the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders; suffice it to say that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan: the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorke and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would-be-so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahomedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At

the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements, the police of the city is excellent; and in every street, large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea-drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmans. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *vivâ voce*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahomedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shiah to be a true believer; with them, as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel, (kaffir,) he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece,* and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very first sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahomedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been

smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, "Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!" Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the cazee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others. If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the "jizyu," or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahomedans. They must never abuse or ill-use a Mahomedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his Majesty or the cazee. They are not permitted to purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and in all trials and suits have equal justice with the Mahomedans.

Among the Hindoos we had a singular visiter in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay. He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment, (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels; nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him

* 200 rupees, equal to 20l.

as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side; but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorkee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and *wished to think* she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Firingees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was anything but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge in the "sweet music of speech." The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge Hessian boots, made of velvet, and highly ornamented.

Notes of a Reader.

INTRODUCTION* OF MERINO SHEEP INTO ENGLAND.

THE breed of Spanish Merino sheep having now become an object of so much importance to New South Wales, the following anecdote respecting their introduction into England may, to some of our readers, be both amusing and interesting.

In consequence of a portion of Windsor Forest coming into the possession of his late Majesty George III., through the expiration of a lease which had been granted, his Majesty, who was very fond of rural occupations, commenced experimental farmer. A little time previously to the breaking out of the war against Spain, caused by the French Revolution, a British homeward-bound fleet met at sea a Spanish fleet outward-bound. Visits of compliment passed between the flag officers, and the Spanish admiral presented to the British admiral some sheep, for sea stock, which, not being used, were brought home, where they happened to be seen by Sir Joseph Banks,—and

were through him presented to his Majesty, who was known to be extremely desirous of having a flock of pure Merinos. But unfortunately they were all females, the exportation of rams from Spain being strictly prohibited.

The wish of his Majesty was to be gratified at any cost, or by any means, and his "aids" set their wits to work accordingly. The Spanish ambassador was applied to, but he was too much of a patriot to enter into any project prejudicial to the interests of his own country—and further hinted, that both his appointment and his head would be endangered by his undertaking to bring Merino sheep from Spain, and that the flocks were exclusively the property of the clergy and church, which would render any endeavour to obtain them still more uncertain and hazardous.

But his Majesty's employers were not to be deterred by this repulse. The lady ambassador was closely beset and watched—to find out if any vulnerable point could be discovered whereby she might be taken, and induced to enter into the conspiracy against the Merinos.

Shortly after this, the lady ambassador went to see the King go in state to the House of Lords, on which occasion she expressed great admiration of the state coach cream-coloured horses.

"Would her Excellency accept of a pair?" "Oh! they were above all others the most beautiful, and to be desired!" A pair was ordered from Hanover, where they are bred, and at a cost of nearly 8,000*l.* brought to England, and presented to her. Her vanity was now gratified, as she possessed what no other lord or lady could boast of.

The donors would accept a few Spanish sheep, in the way of complimentary return.

To make any direct application, it was well known, would be useless—but a class of men that much abound in Spain, contrabandists (*i. e.* smugglers), were applied to; they took a favourable opportunity by night to select (steal) from the flocks what number and gender they required; and their prey were driven northward, through Spain, France, and part of Germany, and shipped at Hamburg for London. Many were lost on the journey, but a sufficient number was obtained.

The sheep, upon landing, were first placed to graze in the royal gardens and parks about London, and the writer of this has seen the Spaniards, who had them there in charge, playing at chuck and toss with dollars and doubloons, the reward of their enterprising speculation.—*New South Wales Magazine.*

* The writer might say re-introduction: for the famed Merino sheep of Spain originated from the English breed, sent to that country by Edward IV. as a present to King John of Aragon.—This fact is little known; though corroborated by history. (*Bah. Chron.* p. 206.)

WEST INDIA SLAVERY.

[In the second volume of Mr. Montgomerie Martin's *History of the British Colonies* occur the following passages, which will be read with interest in connexion with the

cessation of slavery in the West Indies, from the 1st of August last.

Origin and Progress of West Indian Slavery.—When the Spaniards found how rapidly the aboriginal or Indian population of the West India isles perished under the system of forced labour, and beneath the tyranny of their rule, the expedient of introducing negro slaves from Africa was resorted to, and that infernal traffic in human blood and agony—doubly curst to the enslaver and enslaved—sprang into deadly and ferocious activity. The example of the Spaniards was soon followed by the Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English; companies for the horrid traffic were formed; monopolies granted, and kings, princes, and nobles, enriched their coffers with the price of human blood.

About thirty millions of our fellow creatures have been dragged from their native homes, shipped like cattle in chains to a distant land, worked like the beasts of the field, shot like dogs if they murmured forth a claim in behalf of humanity; and, finally, they have (with few exceptions) pined and perished under the cruelties, avarice, and brutality, of a handful of Europeans, for of the thirty millions exported from Africa to the West Indies since the commencement of the sixteenth century, not half a million of the original slaves, or of their unmixed descendants, are now in existence!

Slave Trade in America, France, &c.—In 1807, the foreign slave trade was abolished throughout the United States, by the Act of Congress; a revolting internal slave trade still, however, exists in the Southern States, and nearly 2,000,000 of wretched beings are there in bondage. Mexico abolished the slave trade in 1824, and Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Columbia, since the treaty of Vienna. The Conventional Assembly of France, in 1794, abolished slavery, but the act became void. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, in 1815, again decreed its abolition, but the Bourbons had neither the wisdom, humanity, nor gratitude, to carry his decree into execution. England has paid nearly half a million of money to Spain and Portugal, for the suppression of the slave trade, but without a final effect. Now is the moment to enforce it, and to invite the co-operation of France and the United States for the abolition of internal slavery.

Desolating Effects of Slavery—its abolition by England.—In the West India chronicles for 300 years I find nothing but wars, usurpations, crimes, misery, and vice: no green spot in the desert of human wretchedness on which the mind of a philanthropist would love to dwell; all—all is one revolting scene of infamy, bloodshed, and unmitigated woe. *Slavery* (both Indian and Negro) that blighting upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accom-

panied the white colonist, whether Spaniard, Frenchman, or Briton, in his progress, tainting, like a plague, every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed, by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator had endowed him—leaving all dark, and cold, and desolate within.

But now a glorious and happier era bursts upon the Western World, it diffuses the light of a new existence over the soul, *Liberty* is the spirit it has awakened; already her voice resounds along the beautiful hills and through the fertile valleys of the West, and is swept over the ocean to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Long may England wear the crown of glory that encircles her with a halo far brighter than that of all her conquests and battles; millions of the human race will bless her name for ages to come, and Afric's swarthy sons will pour forth prayers for her honour and prosperity to the Giver of all good. She was the last nation in Europe to enter into that accursed traffic in human beings, to her eternal honour be it said, she was the first to relinquish it—to strike the manacle from the slave, to bid the bond go free!

Tell me not that Christianity has no power over the soul when I witness the consummation of this splendid act, of which the history of Paganism affords no parallel. Slavery we are told existed from the period when time was, and for four thousand years has continued to afflict the earth; under the benign influence of our Christian faith it ceases on the first day of August, *Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-four*! it ceases throughout an empire on which the sun never sets; and myriads "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled," walk forth in all the majesty of freedom.

*Allocation of the 20,000,000*l.* West India Grant.*—The principles on which the sum of 20,000,000*l.* allocated by the Legislature for the reimbursement of loss owing to the emancipation of slaves, may, I believe, be considered settled as regards the questions of *ad valorem* or *per capita*; it seems to be now acknowledged that the sworn or arbitrated value of a slave, according to his current market price, is the fairest principle for awarding compensation. In order to determine the amount of compensation, accurate and complete returns from every plantation in the slave colonies are to be sent in by the 1st of August, 1834, or within three months from that date. These returns are to be transmitted to England, and as soon as they have all arrived, the process of awarding the compensation-moneys will commence, unless where counter-claims may be sent in from mortgagees, &c. Although the mortgagees have an undoubted claim on the property, I think measures should be taken to secure a

portion of the compensation-money to the planter, and not allow the creditor to grasp all, thus leaving the former in no condition to proceed with the culture of the estate; if the mortgagee were secured the interest of his money for five or seven years, binding him down at the same time not to foreclose the deed, the planter would have time to raise his head above water, and struggle through past difficulties; or if this be not acceded to, the mortgagee should have the option of entering into a fair compromise for his claims, say, one-half or two-thirds of his dues being paid down in order to give up any farther lien on the planter. If some step of this kind be not taken, the half of the planters will be utterly ruined, and land, which under the present system has little value according to its geographical extent, will lose the chance it now has of possessing intrinsic worth *per se*. By the planter having his land unincumbered, and some ready money in his pocket, he will be enabled to commence the *Metayer System*, as now practised in British India, &c. The British nation having munificently granted 20,000,000*l.* compensation, have a right to see it beneficially distributed.

The Gatherer.

Epitaph on the Mareschal Comte de Ranzau, a Swede, who accompanied Oxenstiern to Paris, and was taken into the French service by Louis XIII. He died of hydrophobia in 1650. He had been in innumerable battles, had lost an eye and two limbs, and his body was found to be entirely covered with scars:

Stop, passenger! this stone below
Lies half the body of Ranzau:
The other moiety's scattered far
And wide o'er many a field of war;
For to no land the hero came
On which he shed not blood and fame.
Mangled or maim'd each meaner part,
One thing remain'd entire—his heart.

On a tombstone in the churchyard at Hochheim, a village where one of the best species of Rhenish is produced, and from the name of which our generic Hock is derived:—

This grave holds Caspar Schink, who came to dine,
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine;
Three nights he sat, and thirty bottles drank.
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank:
One only comfort have we in the case,—
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

Modest Wants.—Monsieur de Vivonne, who was general of the expedition against Messina, writing from that place to the King, closed his letter in these words—"To finish the affair, we only want ten thousand men." He gave the letter to seal to Du Terron, commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add—"And a general."

THOS. GILL.

At Court.—On birthdays, and other great occasions, at St. Petersburg, it is usual for foreign consuls to go to Court. Mr. C., the British consul, some years since, went, and placing himself in one of the rooms, took his station as usual, waiting to be presented, when the Empress passed by. The master of the ceremonies announcing, as he walked on, the names of noblemen and gentlemen present, at last announced "the British Consul, Mr. C." The Consul bowed, but unfortunately standing under a cut-glass chandelier, he had entangled the toupee of his bag-wig in the wire drops, so that when he bowed, (and that he did, very low,) there was a space of about two feet between his bald pate and the suspended periwig, and he could not, on rising, get his head into dock again.

W. G. C.

An American Inn.—The following description of an American inn, is given by Mr. Fowler in his *Tour in New York*:—"There is a very striking difference perceptible between an English and an American inn; here you must look for no bowing landlord, or obsequious waiter, at the door, to welcome your arrival; you may alight or not, as you please; and, in some instances, be served as if you, and not they, were the party obliged. Neither expect to find any snug parlour, nor travellers', nor I suppose I must now say, commercial room, to retire to. The bar seems the only inhabited apartment about the house; and there, upon arrival, the company immediately proceed; within it are always to be met with conveniences for washing—the very first operation—and a comb and a brush attached together by a string, suspended most likely from the ceiling, *pro bono publico*, and used, *sans ceremonie*, by all comers and goers; though I took the liberty of declining the accommodation. You would suppose that all the news and affairs of the Congress had gained access to this place, or, at any rate, you feel perfectly assured of being in a land where that valuable engine, the press, suffers not the slightest embarrassment. Papers, daily and weekly, local, and from different parts of the Union, are strewn about in charming profusion; the merits of all persons and all things are discussed by all present; the walls are covered with advertisements of elections, fares of stages and steam-boats, auctions, sales of land, sales of stock, sales of merchandise, sales of every thing that can be sold; quack medicines without end, &c. &c. Such is an American Inn."

W. G. C.

It is some loss of liberty to resolve on schemes beforehand.—*Shenstone.*

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. B. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.